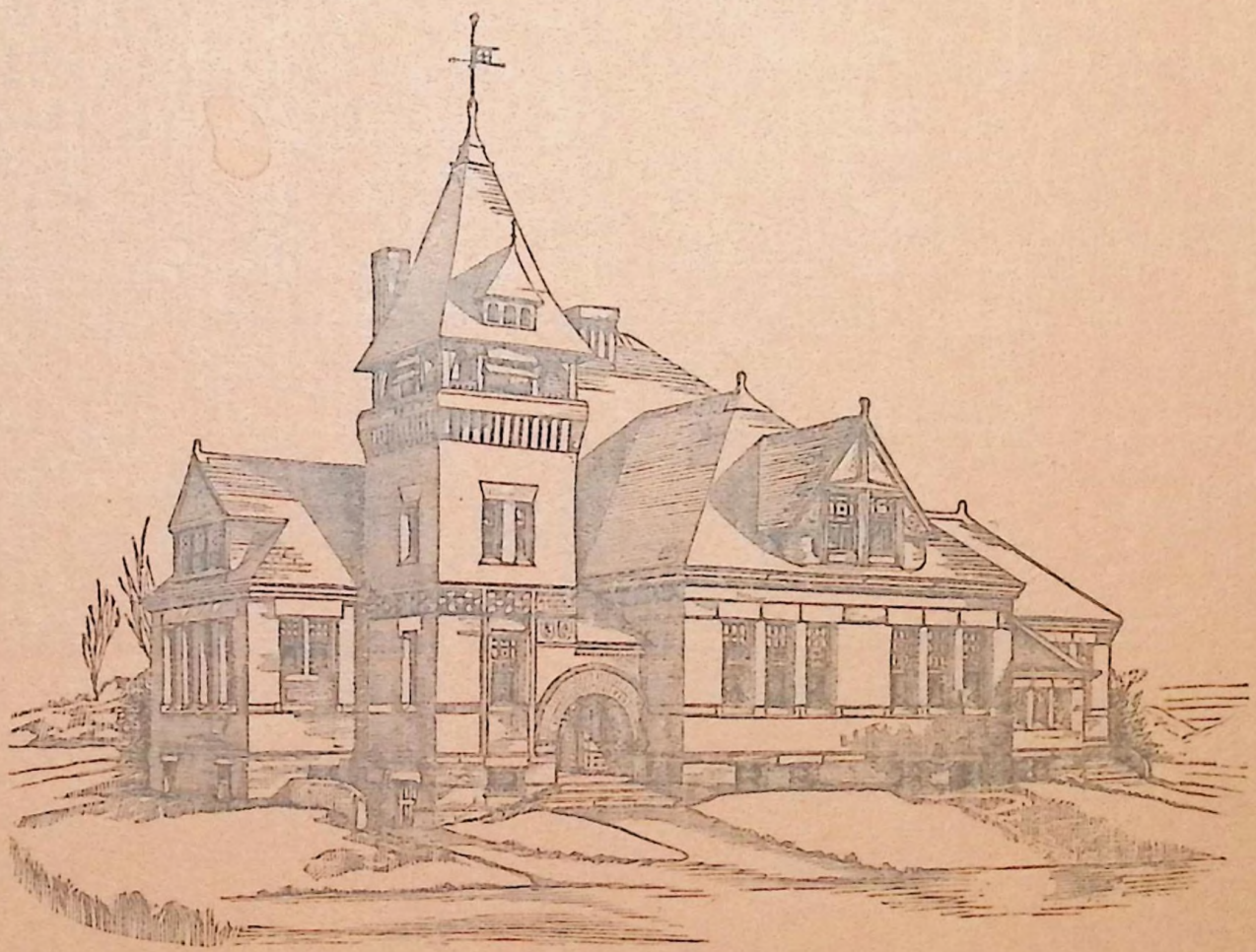
# The Tripod.

VOL. IV. THORNTON ACADEMY, SACO, ME., FEBRUARY, 1891. NO. 4.



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# The Tripod.

*VOL. IV. THORNTON ACADEMY, SACO, ME., FEBRUARY, 1891. NO. 4.*

## The Tripod.

THORNTON ACADEMY.

A LITERARY MONTHLY PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS.

Entered as second class mail matter at the post office in Saco, Maine.

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## Editorials.

"The Thorntons," the girls' reading club, has begun this term's work in a highly satisfactory manner. There are, however, only about twenty members—a small number from so large a school. The work is more systematic and therefore more pleasing than it was last term. The members have read six of the sketches in Irving's "Sketch-Book," and are now enjoying Knickerbocker's "History of New York."

We are delighted to find the TRIPOD box so well remembered. It gives us great encouragement—we feel that there are some, at least, in the school who are interested enough to help. Keep on. We need all the help we can obtain.

We wish the scholars would read the exchanges. There are many excellent ones and it is well not to centre one's thoughts upon one's own school. We recommend especially *The Jabberwock*, *The Critic*, *The Rugbian*, *The Lever*, *The Lynn High School Enterprize*, and the *Oak*, *Lily and Ivy*.

We find that our paper, in comparison with our best exchanges, has less solid matter. We would like to know whether or not our readers like this. If not will not our scholars furnish us with a greater number of these solid articles? Please sign *all* articles—even the Pods—which are put into the TRIPOD box. Your name need be known to the editors only, if you prefer.

## Class Parts.

| | |
|---|---|
| Salutatory, | John R. Deering. |
| Essay, | Mary E. Foss. |
| Essay, | Etta B. Hill. |
| Oration, | Chas. A. Stacy. |
| Essay, | Esther D. Haley. |
| Essay, | Ellen K. Chase. |
| Oration, | Frank L. Winch. |
| History, | Fred A. Lord. |
| Prophecy, | Bertha W. Sawyer. |
| Valedictory, | Alice G. Milliken. |
| Class Ode, | Ellen K. Chase. |

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| | |
|---|---|
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| Secretary, | Bertha M. Sawyer. |
| Treasurer, | Chas. A. Stacy. |

Executive Committee, Etta B. Hill, Mary E. Foss, Chas. A. Stacy.

## Exchanges.

*The High School Tribune*, Syracuse, N. Y., contains two articles of especial merit—"England's Orators," and "The Legal Profession."

We congratulate the *Berwick Scholar*, as representing the school, on the $50,000 bequest of Mrs. Fogg. It is a piece of rare, and we are sure well deserved, good fortune.

*The High School Herald* is at hand. Come again.

We are much pleased with the *High School Aegis*, but think that it would be much improved by a change of form.

*The Lynn High School Gazette* furnishes us with an instructive article about Cornell University. We advise our scholars to read it.

We have received among our new exchanges this month *The Academy Monthly*, from Germantown. It is well edited, and contains some good reading matter; also the *Scholar's Monthly*, Lynn, Mass., which has a cut of the great orator, Wendell Phillips.

*The Baltimore City College Journal* is a large, bright paper. We were much pleased to receive it.

*The Monthly Visitor* presents a very pretty poem under the name of "In a Boat."

W exchange with the December number of *The Highlander*, from Denver, Colo. It is one of the finest papers we have received. This issue contains several well written articles, perhaps the best of which is "Thoughts on the Present."

The Christmas and New Year's number of the *High School Enterprise*, Lynn, has upon its cover a fine likeness of Massachusetts's distinguished representative, Henry Cabot Lodge. We congratulate Mr. Lodge upon this new honor.

We are pleased to receive *The Oak, Lily and Ivy*, from Milford, Mass.

*The Argus*, Detroit, Mich., is an interesting paper with sixteen pages of wit and wisdom.

Judging from the athletic notes of the *The Rubigan*, Philadelphia, the boys in that busy city are not of the "sick" kind. We are much pleased with the paper and hope that its constitution will prove to be as strong as that of the scholars.

We welcome to our sanctum the *Seminary Echo*, published by the students of the Willmar Seminary.

Besides the above we have received the following, for which the editors will please receive our thanks:

*The Peabody Reporter*, Peabody, Mass.
*The Comet*, Buxton High School.
*The Lever*, Colorado Springs, Col.
*High School Journal*, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.
*The St. Louis Amateur.*
*The Graphic*, Athol, Mass.
*The Summit*, Winsted, Conn.
*The Drift*, Ludington, Mich.
*The Cue*, Albany, N. Y.
*The Hermonite*, Mt. Hermon, Mass.
*The Jabberwock*, Boston, Mass.

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One of the editors received last week a letter containing such an excellent account of a true marriage way down in the "Sunny South" that it seemed too good to be kept. It has been given the title of

## A Texas Wedding.

Perhaps you would like to hear of my trip to Blackbury? I went up with a wedding party.

The bride was one of the girls of our village. The groom was a very pleasant, industrious young man of Blackbury. It did seem as if they would never get married. It happened thus.

The bride and groom are Presbyterians. We have preaching here only once in a while and then it is by a Methodist minister from Redwood—twelve miles away. So the groom went to him first to obtain his services at the wedding. It was planned that the wedding should take place on the fourth of January. A few days before, this minister received a request to marry a Methodist couple in another place. So he informed the groom.

Then the marriage was postponed until the eleventh that they might have time to obtain another preacher.

Then the groom went to Bixly to get the minister who was there. This one had, however,

another engagement. Yet he told the groom he would telegraph to Boulton for the minister who is there to come across the bay the day before so that he might be there in time, for the invitations were out. The wedding was to take place at ten o'clock then bride and groom were to go to Blackbury to attend a sociable at the home of the groom's father. All the people of our village—Estane—and all Blackbury had been invited.

"Now all is arranged, the minister engaged, and all else is well," says the groom. But he "counted his chickens before they were hatched."

The day before the momentus event, he came to Estane with a large company from Blackbury. The women went to the bride's home. The men camped out upon an open space opposite our house.

When father came home from Redwood he invited them to come over to the house but they seemed well satisfied with their camp. The first thing they asked him was "Can you marry anyone?" He is deputy county clerk but has not authority to perform a marriage ceremony. He asks what the matter was and learned that the minister had not come. However he would probably arrive in the morning.

I must mention a little incident which caused a great deal of amusement. The groom had caught a slight cold—while chasing after ministers I suppose. So his mother anxious about his sore throat brought forth a piece of goods which she—an economical woman—thought it would be wasting to cut. So she picked up the whole piece—about three yards—of red flannel and put it over his head throwing the ends over his shoulders.

When the party came here it was headed by a pair of mules which were drawing a wagon designed to carry the bride, trunks, etc. The most conspicuous thing in the whole was a piece of red flannel which seemed to be driving the mules.

The next morning the house of the bride's parents began to assume an air of anticipation. Everything was in readiness except—the minister. He had not come though everything else, even the red flannel was there.

About eleven o'clock the red flannel telegraphed to Boulton only to learn that the minister had understood he was wanted at Bixly and hither he had gone.

Then the red flannel harnessed the horse, brought the trunks, and trunks, bride, and the piece of red flannel went to Redwood, leaving Estane disappointed. They had concluded to be married by an officer. since ministers failed. So off went the bridal party. We arrived at Redwood with nothing amiss not even excepting the red flannel.

Then the justice of peace was sought. But he was not at home nor could he be found. Then the county judge was hunted up. He had never married a couple and made all sorts of excuses but finally he—the last person in the county with authority to marry a couple prepared to tie the knot.

Before the marriage ceremony the groom "dressed up" and we missed the red flannel.

The judge was very much excited and made many mistakes and the bride was after all married to S. T. Craile instead of S. C. Traile—a trifling circumstance however.

We had almost got out of the house when the tired, but happy and much relieved groom returned suddenly to the judge who still stood looking after us wondering if it were really done at last. The groom had forgotten to pay his marriage fee!

We returned home with no worse accident than the breaking down of a carriage landing us in the road and scattering the satchels far and wide.

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A queer thing about the year 1891 is that, adding the first figure to the second makes the third, and substracting the fourth figure from the third give the second. Adding the four figures together gives the number of the century.

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Little Ralph, looking at the new Tripod box, "Papa, what does that spell?"

Janitor, "Can't you read? Tell me."

After a few studious moments, Ralph replies, slowly, "Why, that spells Poultice doesn't it?"

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Consult the advertisements in this issue.

## Jingles for Juniors.

There was a young fellow named Floyd,
Who of energy surely was void.
He reclined on the bench
While reciting in French
And the penalty really enjoyed.

There is a young lady called Lizzie,
Who with studying hard is so busy,
That her answers so bright
Not unfrequently right
They make us exceedingly dizzy.

Fred Bean is the name of a boy
Who while reading the long tale of Troy
He said that Aeneas
Had just ought to see us
Translating the lessons with joy.

There is a young lady in school,
Who likes to go coasting when cool,
She has a strong will,
And can steer down the hill,
Tho' she slews all the way, as a rule.

There is a boy called Charlie Sawyer'
Who can argue just like an old lawyer,
And in every feature
He beats down the teacher,
And acquires the name of a warrior.

—Tim Trituplease.

## Ethel Maybury.

It was a wild night. The people in the little seaport town of Newburg seemed very anxious as to the fate of a certain large steamer which they had sighted afar off, just before nightfall. The fog horn was blown at intervals during the night. Watch was kept from the light-house tower for any signal of distress from those upon the storm tossed waves.

It was near morning when a rocket was seen cleaving its way through the rain and fog to the clearer atmosphere above. Then all was darkness again for a few moments, when the second rocket shot forth into the night and then above the roar of the tempest rang the shrill whistle of distress.

All in the little town were stirred into life—the boats were soon ready, manned and out upon the dashing surf. A long period of suspense and darkness, broken only by the occasional cry from rescuers, and the glare of rockets followed. The shore became lined with people anxiously awaiting the arrival of the lifeboat; every moment seemed an hour, until, at last, in the distance were seen the lights of the returning boat. As it came nearer, cheer after cheer rent the air; wives rushed to the very edge of the water to welcome back the loved ones whom they had so willingly bidden go upon this errand of mercy.

Soon the brave rescuers were seen toiling slowly up the rocky shore bearing in their arms the dripping forms of a man and a child. They laid them tenderly upon the sand and tried in every possible way to restore them. After a half an hour or more they were rewarded by seeing signs of life in the little girl but the man was beyond all human aid. The two were taken to the nearest cottage where the child was carefully cared for by the fisherman's wife. As it was now far past sunrise arrangements were made for the immediate burial of the man.

It was supposed that all the fellow-passengers on board the ill-fated ship had gone down in the cruel waves before the lifeboat had arrived. These two alone had been found clinging to a spar. Nothing was found upon the man to identify him but upon the clothes of the little girl were embroidered the words "Ethel Maybury."

The child regained consciousness but in delirium she would often cry out "Save me, papa, save me!" The shock which she received had been fearful and it was a number of days before she could answer the good wife's questions.

The owner of the cabin into which she had been taken was Peter Amour, commonly called "Old Pete." He and his good wife were rough laboring people but never were truer, warmer hearts found than they possessed. When Mrs. Amour questioned little Pansy (for so she called herself) as to her home or friends, the child would say, "My papa was a nice man, and mamma has gone to Heaven. My home was a pretty home, way up among the mountains. Papa was taking me to where he used to live way across the wide ocean." All that could be, was done to find the relatives of this little one so strangely cast into the rough fisherman's home, but no knowledge of her friends or of their whereabouts could be discovered.

The old fisherman and his wife began to love

her as they had loved their own little ones. No joy seemed quite complete unless she was its sharer. As the years passed this child grew up into a joyous and laughing maiden, as charming and innocent as she had been when she first awoke to consciousness in "Old Pete's" cottage ten long years before.

One day a stranger arrived in the little town. Pansy was sitting upon the sand with her work as he strolled along the beach and seeing her he stopped to inquire if there was such a person as Peter Amour living in the town. Pansy glanced up shyly at first and then with one bound threw herself into the stranger's arms. Pansy's father had come in search of his daughter. The father told his story thus: "I was washed ashore many miles from here, almost exhausted but was carefully nursed back to life and health to find my dearest earthly possession gone. Since then I have spent both time and money in seeking after my only daughter, but it was only a few days ago that I received tidings of one I hoped might be my child. Some five hundred miles from here, I picked up a paper dated only a few days after that fatal accident. It gave a description of the wreck and inquiries of the friends of a child calling herself Pansy but on whose clothing the words "Ethel Maybury" were found. I hastened here hoping that it might be permitted me to see you alive."

By this time they had reached the little cottage and Ethel ran in to tell her kind friends of her father's arrival. A few days later Mr. Maybury and Ethel left for their mountain home in Switzerland. Many tears were shed over the departure of the one who had grown dear to those who had lived in the humble cottage by the sea.

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Teacher: "How could we live without water?"

1st pupil: "Drink milk."

2nd pupil, G. Bean, '92: "Drink lemonade."

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Teacher—"What are our streets generally paved with?"

Floyd, '92—(The star that leads them all) "With boulders."

## Bowdoin Notes.

HARRY E. BRYANT, EDITOR.

Never before was so much interest in athletics manifested as at the present time. Everybody of an athletic turn of mind is hard at work, training for the summer sports.

There are five classes, those taking regular work, those looking for boating, foot-ball, or base-ball honors, and those working individually. The first class contains all those not taking special work. Some twenty men are in active training for the "Varsity" crew, which will pull "Cornell" next spring, and for the class crews. Their exercises with dumb bells, enough to tire most men, are followed by a four mile run in the open air. In order to accustom the men to the use of oars, eight new rowing machines have been placed in the gymnasium, one behind another and alternating right and left hand oars, as in a shell.

The base-ball men are hard at work in the "cage," pitching, batting, and playing hand-balls, an excellent exercise to quicken the eye and harden the hand.

The foot-ball men, too, are doing their best in running, and in kicking and catching the ball, but their hardest work comes in the spring.

Next come those working individually. These men are practicing for the athletic exhibition which takes place about the 20th of March in the town hall, or for field day, (about June 10.) Thus you can see that although everything now looks forsaken about the campus, yet, when summer approaches, every tennis court, the base-ball and foot-ball fields, and the river will show the fruits of this winter work. I shall not speak of the exercise freshmen get dancing for the sophs and dodging oiled paper bags, filled with water as it is a very delicate subject.

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F. Bean, '92, says that in order to find the relative hardness of minerals he rubs them together, and if they both scratch each other, etc. We suppose that Fat is thinking of the time when he got to fighting with another fellow and each claimed that he "licked."

## Pods.

Another scholar makes his ships "depart from behind."

To the new members of the book-keeping class, welcome.

Miss G., '92, "The Art of Reproduction" for the "Age of Reformation."

A few of Floyd's latest in spelling "Goddest" for goddess, "Houblend" for hornblend, "Glasy" for glassy.

Miss K., '92, asserted in a positive manner the other day that "Mica is sometimes in crystals, it all will be, in time!"

Copying French exercises. "Silk comes from Lyons." Astonished junior: "I always thought it came from silk-worms."

Lord, '91, evidently believes in "two in one" as he says Dante and Chaucer were one of the five great poets of England.

As G. Bean, '92, doesn't think the humming-bird is beautiful, Kendrick concludes that he must have seen a crow instead of a humming-bird.

F. Bean, '92, has "read of" boulders as big as the Academy. When asked where, he said "Out West." Probably that is where that big tree came from.

Deering, '91, translates in the French class, "Harpagon the miser, loved money for money itself, and not for the *rejoices* (jouissances) which money could buy."

Floyd, '92, still sustains his enviable reputation as the most perverse scholar in the class, and assures us with really pathetic delight that he has *only* been sent out *five* times *this week*.

The geology class was divided as to whether organic or inorganic structures are more abundant. Sawyer, '92, decides the question by saying, "There are more grains of sand than living things."

One of our scholars who is stuggling with the phonetic pronunciation was asked to spell "velut." A shout of laughter was heard when he began "w-e-l——." Truly he understands the pronounciation.

Burbank invites the school to attend his hash dinner, which he has accumulated in the Cicero class.

Calef informed the English History class that England and France have never had "woman kings."

"Goodness gracious" and "sugaration" seem to slip off Shannon's tongue as easily as Latin declensions.

George Bean, '92, said in English History the other day: "Joan of Arc, burned as happily as she had lived."

We are receiving very Fogg-y ideas of Physical Geography when we are informed that the earth has 120 satellites.

Boothby, '92, in English History: "Duke Richard swore he would not eat with Lord Hastings until he was beheaded."

Miss Morrill—Where is salt found?
1st Student—In a mine and in the ocean.
Bright Junior—And in a salt cellar!

"The composition of salt," remarked the geology teacher, "is NaCe." "'Tisn't either," whispered a student to his neighbor, "It's S-A-L-T of course."

Bean, '92, told the class in physical geography that the honey-bee and hornet were very useful to man; he forgot to say in what respect but no doubt he has some good reason for thinking so.

Libby has already earned the esteem of the class by the wonderful power of his arguments in commercial arithmetic. As yet Chadbourne has been very quiet; he is probably battling with those terrible drafts, that have already made many of us turn white with rage. Dean has earned a notice by his fine voice and by the use he makes of the two back legs of his chair. Of Lombard we know but little but he seems a quiet, well disposed lad. As to Hurd we have been led to inquire why he was so Hasty in the choice of his favorite young lady in the class. We were sorry Tarbox was obliged to leave us so soon to seek a nobler class but we wish him good speed wherever he may be.

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